2: Maguire G-5 (ca. 1926) 1927-28
FL6 Dorobo FL6

duration of which is in inverse ratio to its toothsomeness and the severity of the cook's hunger.

The Masai are good to the *Mósiro* and seldom refuse them a share in whatever food is obtainable—be it milk, meat or grain. The *Mósiro* expect this; in fact, many of them seem to look on free rations from the Masai as their right. The reason for this is stated to be that the *Mósiro* helped the Masai on many occasions in the past (particularly during the great rinderpest epidemic in the early 'nineties) by hunting for them when starvation had overcome the ingrained antipathy of the Masai to venison. In addition, before the coming of European rule many elephants were killed by the *Mósiro* at the request of the Masai. Lekite told me of one drive in which he and about thirty *Mósiro* were engaged during which sixteen elephants were killed.

When a *Mósiroi* obtained cattle he used, unless restrained by his more prudent friends, to slaughter and eat them in the shortest possible time. Up to quite recently, a beast was valued by the *Mósiroi* only for the amount of meat it was capable of providing, but nowadays a few of them are beginning to herd cattle in a small way and some even live as Masai. It is interesting to note that many of the older generation, particularly the women, profess an aversion to having cattle in the vicinity of their own dwelling- or sleeping-places.

A few *Mósiro* till the land, but in a half-hearted way. They are extremely improvident and prefer to risk almost inevitable famine rather than to exert themselves in cultivating grain. They never expect their women to work in such small plantations as they may have. A *Mósiroi* will cheerfully tramp the bush for a week or more, picking up a most precarious existence on tubers and roots, and will consider himself well repaid if he returns with a few pounds of honey. He will be horrified at the idea of putting in one hour's work each day on a mealie patch for the same length of time.

In the bush, very little in the way of food comes amiss to the *Mósiroi*. Failing meat, his favourite food is honey, but this is regarded as a delicacy and would be eaten wholesale only under the most exceptional circumstances. If meat and honey are unobtainable, the *Mósiroi* has at his command an extensive